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AUTOMOBILING ON HAWAII YET FULL OF HARDSHIPS

C. W. C. Deering of Chicago Made a Trip In His White Touring Car Which Was Nerve-Wrecking--New Road to Volcano.

Although the motor-car tour of the island of Hawaii planned by C. W. C. Deering of Chicago and Prince David Kawanakoa in the former's White steam touring car did not entirely materialize, yet Mr. Deering drove his car over one road from Hilo to Waimea in a manner which entitles him to credit as exhibiting plenty of nerve and skill.

The Deering's car is the first touring motor which has ever visited the big island, and that visit demonstrated the need of good roads for the whole circuit of the island before automobiling there can be an unmixed pleasure.

"Automobiling to the Volcano" is an apt phrase, which should be popular in future, if not at present, but, which, however may be made possible the coming year by the reconstruction of the Volcano road from Hilo.

Mr. and Mrs. Deering and Prince and Princess Kawanakoa returned from Hawaii on the Kinau last Saturday. The White car was also brought back and yesterday was in the Von-Hamm garage in the rear of the Alexander Young Hotel, undergoing minor repairs and a general overhauling. Despite the car's hard experience it shows little wear and tear. The tires are in almost as fine condition as when the vehicle left here, no rust was observed, and but for a point broken off in a couple of places the machine is as good as ever. It will be given a varnishing before its appearance again on the streets in Honolulu.

Captain Jargstroff, who is looking after the White autos here, was sent for by the Deerings when the car got stuck in the mud on the road near Waimea.

"Mr. Deering drove the car from Hilo to Waimea," said Capt. Jargstroff yesterday, "and it is a wonder that he ever managed to get so far. It is a trip that I myself, accustomed to cars for years, would have hesitated about taking. Mr. Deering and the Prince started from Hilo in the forenoon and had made 72 miles up to late in the afternoon. But this was over a road which was a mud wallow almost the entire course. It was a bad, rainy day. Boulders were hidden in the mud of the road, often scraping the under side of the car. These hidden dangers were trying on a man's nerves. A huge log was struck and hurled over the car.

"The grades at times were so steep that the wheels had to be roped to prevent the machine from slipping back in the mud. Finally when about dark a boulder was encountered which broke one of the steam connections. They could probably have got the machine out, had both occupants of the car not been tired out. They sent for me and I went over and repaired the damage and then drove the car back to Hilo.

"The party would have gone up to the Volcano in the car had there not been so many conflicting stories about the condition of the road. In the end it was decided not to try the run. The White machine behaved well on that trip."

In connection with this criticism of the Hawaii roads, the Puna road board has at last undertaken the rehabilitation of the Volcano road. Last June the Board appropriated \$2500 for the reconstruction of the road between twenty-four and twenty-seven miles, the portion which crosses the lava flow, and the roughest section on the entire stretch from Hilo to the Volcano House.

"This \$2500 is not enough money to construct the road properly and it is understood that the Hilo Board of Trade will ask the government for three or four thousand dollars more. The matter was brought to the attention of John Watt, chairman of the road board by the Hilo Board of Trade through the instrumentality of the Hawaii Promotion Committee.

Fred Smith, general passenger agent of the Oahu Railway Company, was recently on Hawaii and made a trip to the Volcano. The rough journey caused him to lay the matter before the Promotion Committee which at once began a crusade in the interest of a good road to the Volcano.

The preliminary reconstruction work began last week.

WHY THE RUSSIANS CANNOT WHIP THE JAPANESE.

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of Leslie's Weekly.

Near the Manchurian Divia, July 9th, 1904.

"No wonder the Russian cannot fight! He eats black bread," said a Japanese soldier, as he contemptuously threw the brown fragment back on one of the many piles left scattered over the Russians' last camping-place, when they began the hasty retreat from the great Manchurian divide and Mo-tien-ling Pass to Liao-yang and the railroad, about July 1st. No doubt the big Russian soldier waiting on the banks of the Yalu for the Japanese to come up said, with a twinkle in his blue eyes and a smile curving his red lips, that he could lick any little off-color man in the world whose sustenance consisted mainly of rice.

I have come to the conclusion that diet cuts little figure with the fighting qualities of a race, provided they get that which they are accustomed to and in sufficient quantity. Rice and fish have not given the Japanese his fighting qualities. Centuries of fighting clans, a feudal system inculcating loyalty, and a religion which makes it an honor to die, coupled with modern rifles and a noble class of officers to whom the study of warfare and its application are the things worth living for, have created the individual fighting spirit and made possible Japan's present finely organized military machine; again, there should not be forgotten the sacred spirit of vengeance which has smoldered for ten years in Japan's national breast, ever since the Powers of Europe, at the suggestion of Russia, made her relinquish what she considered her fair prize of war--Port Arthur and the Liao-tung peninsula.

There is not the slightest evidence that the Russian soldier, though he lives on black bread almost entirely--

and, I fear, often too little of that in these times--is a coward. He fought like a demon possessed at the Yalu against great odds, and while he insensibly held the trenches there on May 1st, under orders, he must--if he thought at all--have known that the ultimate result could be nothing but defeat to his thin line of riflemen behind the weak trenches, when the island plains beyond and the foot of the very hills he was trying to hold swarmed, as far as he could see, with Japanese soldiers, and over a hundred cannon pelted him incessantly with shell and shrapnel. On the narrow strip of land between Tallienwan and Kinchau he fought all day long to prevent the taking of this strategic key to Port Arthur, though he was fearfully pounded from the sea by the Japanese warships, which, in themselves, almost equaled a full division of infantry in destructiveness to men and artillery. He inflicted two-thirds the injury that he received himself at the battle of Tshihz, though he was outnumbered by more than three to two and his re-enforcements failed to come up. On the 3d and 4th of July he made a sortie from Port Arthur fourteen thousand strong, and charged the Japanese defending the hills with the bayonet. It is whispered that he fought here more gamely than in any engagement previously had, but the losses have not yet been published.

The fault with the Russians lies in the rottenness of the tactics employed, in the incapacity, inefficiency, the decadence, or whatever you care to call it, of the officers who command the men. Up to the present time they have not used the ordinary judgment nor the tactical skill which would be shown by a ten-year-old schoolboy in a battle of snowballs. It is not the lack of courage on the part of either the Russian officer or soldier. On the contrary, it is that quality exhibited so often

in South Africa by the British, and which it pleased me to call the "asininity of courage," which the Russians are now suffering from. A virile, deep-rooted contempt for their enemy; a conservatism which causes them to cling persistently to the mouldy antiquities of warfare in spite of defeat; an overweening conceit which makes it a dishonor to duck one's head or take cover under fire--none of these are qualities which should cause a nation to despair. They may--after a certain amount of renovating and house-cleaning in staff and line, and after sufficient defeats which will wring the heart of the nation--emerge all the better for the discipline; or, rather, they will learn to take to the underbrush and disclose only a shock of tousled light hair and one glittering blue eye over a gun-barrel, and when they want to defeat their enemy they will go round him.

Kuropatkin may be the greatest strategist on earth; he may have all the qualities of a magnificent general which the Russians attribute to him, and yet, so long as his officers, as high in rank as a general, evidence absolutely no capacity for tactical co-ordination and co-operation he is bound to be defeated. When facing one another in actual combat, the contrast between the Russian and Japanese troops, in the respective display of tactical ability, arouses nothing but admiration for Japanese cleverness and a charitable pity for Russian stupidity. There is always a clearness of conception on the part of the Japanese officer as to what maneuver is called for by the situation confronting him, and a rapidity and precision in executing their orders on the part of the Japanese soldiers and minor officers--always reserving that initiatory needed to meet emergencies not contemplated by their superiors--a quality so valuable in a well-trained soldier.

As concrete examples of Russian crudities and tactical blunders which have come within the knowledge of the writer may be mentioned the running in of a string of Polish soldiers to re-enforce a trench at the Yalu, not behind the top of a hill, as they might have done and accomplished the same object, but around the bald knob of the hill. Their appearance almost on the sky-line published to the Japanese the fact that a certain position was being strengthened and caused them to direct a heavy artillery fire, not only on the running line of men, but also on the trenches at this particular point as well, which in a few minutes made them practically untenable. That these men were courageous every one who witnessed the movement testifies, for they kept coming, man after man, when the shrapnel fairly smothered them, and the hillside was dotted with the dark forms of dead bodies. Of course the frightful error made at the Yalu was committed by the general in command on the field in not appreciating when the proper time had arrived to withdraw his forces. He took an artillery fire all day long on April 30th, which silenced his own guns again and again, or until they were absolutely useless. This same fire was sacrificing men in the shallow-built trenches at every explosion, yet--though thrashed to a standstill, with optical evidence before him that a great army was arrayed against the few thousands he commanded, and with the information in his possession (if he had any courier service whatever) that the Japanese army was moving on his left flank in force--he failed to retreat promptly during the night along the Feng-wang-cheng road, and to content himself, as he should have done, with fighting a rear-guard action on May 1st. Instead, he stupidly held on to the river front, apparently blind to the fact that, as sure as the sun rose again, he would be wiped off the map.

The little engagements that John F. Bass and I have been watching, during the advance of the Japanese left wing toward Liao-yang, over the Mo-tien-ling range of mountains, have confirmed the opinion that the Russian East Siberian regiments, at least, have no conception of modern tactics, and--worse yet--have no knowledge of fire-drill. When they might take cover they take the open, when an hour's work would give them a temporary earthwork for shelter they lie upon their stomachs on exposed ridges and the officers often stand up so as to supply the range as well; when re-enforcing they move in open fields, furnishing the enemy with the knowledge of the exact number of men used to strengthen a line, although a screened creek-gully may parallel their line of advance a few feet away; when they retire they line up into commands and march off the field in the most exposed places, making the largest possible target, instead of slipping out under cover, man by man. They seem always to fail to take advantage of the best topographic

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I became THE PICTURE OF HEALTH and have not felt badly since then.

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configuration, usually holding the low places and not protecting their men by firing-patrols on the hills forward of their flanks. Their shooting is excruciating, and consists mainly of volley firing, which indicates in itself--when the skirmish nature of all Japanese advances is considered--that they are not good shots, and do not know the value of careful individual marksmanship. They take no care of their arms and pay no attention to their personal appearance. The Japanese say, laughingly, that they fight worse than the Chinese; and they should know, since they have already had much experience in war with the Celestial Kingdom. This statement does not necessarily imply that the Russians are cowardly, for the Chinaman places no value upon life.

The Japanese officer and soldier stand for everything that is best in military tactics. The military experts of the nation have eliminated all the stage play from the best military systems in the civilized world, and have stripped these systems down to the factors which make for the greatest efficiency in placing the fighting man on the firing-line, properly equipped and properly fed. There are no frills; all the efforts, every movement, every thought, being directed to the most certain and expeditious method of rendering the enemy hors de combat. The manual of arms comprises but three motions. To the skirmish drill much attention is paid, the men being not only trained in actual maneuvers at all seasons and in all kinds of country to meet the different contingencies which may arise in actual warfare, but trained physically until they can sustain long-continued and immense exertion without suffering. The soldiers--stripped as we now see them by the thousands, bathing in the mountain streams--present finely-muscled limbs and torsos, almost to a man.

The fire-drill is exhaustive, and the men, by a large amount of target practice, become really fine shots. Every man in the army has fired at fixed targets at different known ranges, at fixed targets at unknown ranges, and fires from standing, kneeling, and prostrate attitudes with equal facility. It is drummed into every soldier's mind that his first care is his rifle, and that the training has sunk in is evidenced by the fact that every man, whether with his officers or not, cleans and oils his gun carefully every night. His second care is for himself, and, toward this end, he seems to have learned and usually obeys the instructions to drink nothing but boiled water, to bathe freely, and to wash his clothes often. It should be remembered that a powerful incentive for the Japanese to care for his physical welfare so solicitously lies in the fact that no greater disgrace can overtake a soldier than to be invalided home; it is even worse than being wounded and having to go to the hospital.

The Japanese army, then, starts with a sound body of men, thoroughly grounded in taking care of their weapons, as well as themselves, and trained as to the best means of reaching the enemy quickly with the least possible danger to themselves. The officers, in an engagement, adapt the movements of the troops to the best tactical dispositions, where the immediate region permits, always putting the men under natural cover when it is to be obtained, but never hesitating an instant to expose them should the emergency arise. In half a dozen actions witnessed the Japanese have used almost all the tactical dispositions provided for in modern text-books, and all of them were, in each instance, exactly adapted to the country and the object in view.

With the enemy in front blocking the valley and roadway, small patrols were sent scurrying on to the hills, and these crept forward from ridge to ridge, seeking possible contact with an alert enemy who had had the tactical wisdom to hold the ridges himself, and never

firing until fired upon, or until really advantageous positions had been secured from which to attack the enemy. One small detail after another was sent out to strengthen a particular hill position, or a hidden firing-line in the valley, the men never being crowded beyond the immediate demands of the game. In opposition to the screened and concealed skirmishers, who are followed only with the utmost difficulty by deployed skirmishers sail forward over plowed fields at a terrific rate, take cover, go on, or wait for re-enforcements. The ammunition trains and the hospital corps always co-operate like a cog-wheel in a train of gears, and the food supply and kitchen always seem to manage their arrival at proper meal-times.

All in all, the Japanese army is a magnificently systematized military organization, in which the soldier unit understands his work quite as well as, if not better than, the general knows his. One man lives on black bread and is apparently ignorant of the commonest principles involved in modern tactics, but--according to the light which he hath--fights like a savage bloodhound, much in evidence and with full-throated baying; the other man subsists on unsalted rice, and is trained mentally and physically to perfection in tactical tactics, but his work is like that of a bull-terrier, silently sliding in until his jaws are locked on his enemy with a grip that only a crowbar can loosen.

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Mr. Cyrus S. Edison of Kaplani Park, this city, says: "I am at present a teamster and came to the Islands fifteen years ago. Previous to that I drove a stage coach in the United States. These occupations necessitating my being out at all seasons were no doubt the cause of my kidney disorder. I had the ordinary symptoms of this complaint, and resorted to a host of things to cure it. All of them failed to do so, however, and when I had almost given up hope I heard about Doan's Backache Kidney Pills and got some at the Hollister Drug Co.'s store. They did indeed relieve me and I am quite satisfied with the benefit they have been to me."

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers; price 50 cents per box (six boxes \$2.50). Made by the Hollister Drug Co., Honolulu, wholesale agents for the Hawaiian Islands.

Copies now on sale at all book stores of the Hawaiian Forester and Agriculturist, a monthly magazine of forestry, entomology and agriculture, issued under the direction of the Board of Commissioners of Agriculture and Forestry. Price 10 cents a copy, \$1.00 per year by mail to any address. Subscriptions received at the Gazette office.